

Autonomous Zone, which was part independent bookstore and part rabble-rouser gathering place. It offered titles on topics including the Zapatistas, herbal medicine and bicycle repair. From there we caravanned to Lake Forest, a suburb north of Chicago and the home of a corporate executive with Marsh Inc., an insurance company for an animal testing lab called Huntingdon Life Sciences. I had learned about Huntingdon while working on a story at the *Texas Observer*. My story mentioned a group called Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty, or SHAC, that pressured corporations to sever ties with the lab after multiple undercover investigations exposed animal welfare violations.

The goal of that Sunday afternoon was simply to pass out leaflets in the neighborhood of the Marsh insurance executive. We split up in pairs and hung fliers on brass and brushed-steel doorknobs. The front of the fliers featured one of two photographs, either a monkey or a beagle puppy in a cage. On the back was a short history of the lab and its abuses, and a request that readers urge their neighbor to cease doing business with Huntingdon. The fliers made no suggestion of violence or property destruction, and they made no threats. They spelled out what went on in the lab, how Marsh was connected, and why readers should ask their neighbor to take action.

After about twenty minutes, we had not made much progress. The heavy wooden front doors sat confidently at the end of long, immaculate walkways that looked as if they'd never been trod. This was the type of neighborhood where people pulled their Mercedes or BMW straight into the garage. When we finally reached the executive's cul-de-sac, a security guard stood outside videotaping. Not to be outdone, one of the leafletters—the youngest in the group, at about sixteen—pulled out a camera of his own and began filming the security guard filming him. Later, the guard, Al Cancel, wrote a voluntary statement for the police saying that activists "were now beginning [sic] to surround [sic] me causing [sic] me to back away so they could not get behind me. Then the one I attempted to speak